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Editorial.

A GREAT panorama of the Swiss mountains, of the Jura range, is to be seen at the Exposition next year.

REV. C. DENZSI, of Hungary, writes to the British Association that in the "Unitarian Little Library" he has translated and published "Gannett's Life of the Bible."

THE Rev. Dr. Barrows has been notified by the imperial government of China that a scholar and priest has been appointed to represent the doctrines of Confucius at the coming parliament of religion.

CORNELL University has recently been enriched with the law library of Nathaniel Moak, who, for the four years preceding his death, was dean of the law school. His 13,000 volumes will increase the library to 24,000 volumes, making it next to the largest, and the best in the country.

WOMEN'S clubs are good things in their way. They have served a high purpose in giving women confidence in themselves, but in the process of evolution the ideal thing is a club of men and women. Such a club has sprouted. Of course, it is in Boston. It wears the familiar title of "Unity."

Its objects are, the "furtherance of art" and the "promotion of social interest."

THE number of Unitarians belonging to the Buda-Pesth mother church and to the six daughter churches at the end of the year 1891 was 2,262. In 1881, there were only 883 Unitarians in proper Hungary.

STEPS are taken to harness the Shoshone Falls of Idaho, using it to create electric power which will be utilized by irrigation companies; thus, great stretches of non-productive country will be made tillable.

THE medical men are urging that children should be taught to write with both hands, and that a vertical style be adopted to favor this, and thus escape the dangers that threaten so many organs of the body from the habitual "lop-sided" attitude at the desk.

MISS ALICE KNOWLES has probably been elected Attorney General of Montana. It is said that this brings consternation to the party that elected her, as well as to the opposition. When she was nominated they had no hopes of succeeding. Good enough for them.

NEW YORK boasts of a man who has submitted a very ugly nose to three different surgical operations, and who now "felicitates himself upon possessing one of the finest and most classically chiseled noses in New York." People who read character by noses must look out or they will get fooled.

BEAUTY is the name of a little spaniel who is Postmaster Musselman's first assistant at a little postoffice near Witmer, Pa. Every morning the little dog meets the fast train on the Pennsylvania road, takes the smaller of the two bundles of papers that are thrown off and hurries with it back to the office.

THE following clipping from an exchange gives us another opportunity to return to a subject too often parried by a joke, or the expediency argument, "We won't count this time, but when we are strong then we will begin to apply our highest morals in regard to matters of finance." The only way to build and sustain an honest church is to begin at once to travel upon the road of honesty and self-denial:

"A Baptist church in Philadelphia, which was burdened with a debt of \$1,000, determined to pay it. Instead of adopting the plan of lectures, fairs, concerts and so forth, the members decided on a self-denial week. The result was the debt was paid without difficulty."

THANKSGIVING day in Chicago was characterized by a hopeful amount of co-operation in the way of union services. The so-called Evangelical churches gathered in local groups all over the city, and held vital services throbbing with patriotism and public spirit. The "Liberal Christian Alliance" held its usual Thanksgiving service at McVicker's theatre, in which Dr. Thomas, Mr. Milsted, and Mr. Fenn took part. The leading address this year was made by Prof. Small of the Chicago University. Rabbi Stoltz, of the West Side, joined with Mr. Blake in a union service at

the Third Unitarian church, where the topic for discussion seemed to be the suggestive words of "from liberty to unity." At All Souls church the customary Thanksgiving dinner was spread to those who had no nearer home circle to join. Some forty such sat at the table, which yielded, after all were filled, many basketfuls to go out to the tables in homes too pinched to know the delights of a Thanksgiving feast. The evening was spent as usual in a merry-making which was largely attended by members of the church who came in to make the home-circle more homelike.

IN answer to frequent inquiries concerning Prof. Moulton's lectures on The Literary Study of the Bible, recently completed at All Souls church, we are glad to bear testimony to their unique excellence. Prof. Moulton combines with the peculiar gifts of a popular lecturer, (among which is a marvelous, retentive memory which enables him to speak not only his own, but other people's thoughts without the slightest use of manuscript), a discriminating judgement and a critical skill which make his lectures valuable as well as enjoyable. The Old Testament glows with a new meaning, as it should and will, whenever taken out of the realm of dogma into the realm of literature. We are also glad to say that the Sunday night experiment was amply justified; the attendance was very large, and was made up of many people who are never seen in All Souls church under other circumstances. The singing of a hymn at the beginning and the close, and the dismissal with the benediction by the pastor made the occasion one of reverent thoughtfulness, giving, indeed, a religious service in the noblest sense. We are glad to know that the work thus inaugurated for Sunday evening is going on. Mr. Moulton now lectures twice each Sunday in University Extension work. The second course of lectures at All Souls church by Prof. Ira M. Price, which treats of the monumental revelation that has come to light within the last fifty years of the life surrounding, and anterior to, that described in the Old Testament is also justifying itself, by the interest aroused. Both these courses are spoken for by Unity church on the North side for Sunday evenings as soon as they can be obtained. Let our churches everywhere seek the helping-hand of our universities and colleges in this way.

MR. CHADWICK'S published sermon for December is a loving tribute to Samuel Longfellow, which, did space permit, we would be glad to give entire to our readers. We hope that many of them, particularly our minister readers, will secure and keep this sermon not only as a record of a gentle shepherd, a veritable father confessor of souls, but, also, as a piercing ray into the history of the faith that has ever lured but still baffles the movement we call Unitarian. How have the organizations that have claimed this word been disappointing, and still, how have they held these children of light among whom Samuel Longfellow sits, one might almost think, at the head of the table were it not a round table. Mr. Chadwick, as well as the other eulogists of Mr. Longfellow whose words we have been

permitted to read, did not find time to speak of the touch of his life to the westward. Indeed the one or two episodes that carried Mr. Longfellow to the west were so brief that his eastern friends could scarcely have missed him, but they were long enough to leave lasting impressions upon those permitted to see and hear him. During several months in the early seventies he sojourned with the little society at Baraboo, Wisconsin. He was present at one of those grove meetings on the shores of Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, out of which grew the Weirs and other Unitarian out-of-door meetings. His interest in Western Unitarianism was freely expressed, and gratefully felt throughout his later years. Three different times, at least, did he generously help along the fund which grew too slowly to his mind, that eventually built All Souls Church, Chicago. In the material form as well as the spiritual purpose of that church he took an abiding interest. Here in the west as in the east, it is true that wherever he went

"In the suburb, in the town,
On the railway, in the square,
Came a beam of goodness down,
Doubling daylight everywhere."

Housekeeping as a Science.

A recent number of the *Chicago Woman's News* contains an interesting report of a convention of housekeepers held in Recital Hall in this city, under the auspices of the Woman's Branch of the Congress Auxiliary, with Mrs. John Wilkinson, President of the "Columbian Association of Housekeepers," in the chair. The very title is encouraging and significant, albeit the subject is so difficult, and at times seems so hopeless. Scarcely second to the unsolved problem of municipal government in our American life is the more unsolved problem of domestic service. Perhaps the most discouraging thing of it all is the way intelligent women give up the problem, instead of trying to solve it. Mrs. Wilkinson tells us in her report, that "it is easier to start a Dante class, a Browning class, a class to study mediæval art, or even Sanscrit among women, than to establish housekeepers' clubs in any city." But truly it is encouraging to know that she has found most encouragement from women who have taken college courses; in proof of which she offers a goodly list of notable names. Wise words were said at this convention bearing upon many other questions, as well as upon household economy. The conclusion of the whole matter is, that this perplexity, like all others, must be solved by the combined aid of science and religion. The church and the school must join hands in driving ignorance and selfishness first out of the parlor, and then out of the kitchen; the mistress must be improved before much reform can be expected from the maid. Here, as elsewhere, reform must sift from above downward. The church has been as delinquent as any other factor in this problem. We trust that Mrs. Harbert's prophecy will soon come true when she says:

"Great light will dawn in the use of the church for lectures, mothers' meetings, etc.

In each church there should be one room which women could control, where they might entertain any stranger with a message much easier and with more simplicity than in their homes. Women give two-thirds of the money for churches, and when they desire a room in the church they should not be obliged to go all over the country to hunt up two or three men who have control of the church."

Among the many topics discussed at this convention were the following: The establishment of training schools for servants, the forming of house-keeper classes, how to obtain a better class of service in the home, household economics, village communities, etc., etc. The association now numbers two hundred and thirty-five members, it has no intention, the President says, "to confine its work to Chicago, and it hopes to make itself such a place that it will survive, after its work in the thought congresses of the World's Fair is accomplished." Let all the women lend a hand.

The Quarantine Story and Its Moral.

The mediæval method against pestilence was naturally to try to shut it out with the utmost rigor. The word quarantine, meaning forty days, tells of the time when ships were detained that period and even longer. Still more severe were the restrictions upon a city in which the disease had appeared. It was sometimes cordoned by troops, with instructions to shoot any one trying to escape. In 1620, Digne and Aix were not only thus cordoned, but a plan was formed to burn the towns, and was only abandoned because the disease broke out elsewhere. Sometimes the inhabitants, sick and well alike, were shut into their houses and could obtain their food only by baskets let down from the windows. Such was the case in Toulon and Aix so late as 1720; and in the same year Marseilles was cordoned, with orders to fire upon any person coming out. Violation of the quarantine laws was often punished by death, and sometimes even by burning.

But the efforts to shut out or shut in pestilence have generally failed, and it has been carried everywhere in spite of them. It has been found far wiser to cultivate cleanliness and a sanitary condition that can endure the pestilence when it comes; and commercial Holland, which has never had a severe quarantine, has hardly been less healthy for it. Something of the old rigor is kept by conservative Spain and Portugal, and in the Red sea against Eastern pilgrims; but in most European nations the detention of ships and passengers has given way to their careful inspection and disinfection and the detention of the diseased alone. England has led in this tendency, and one of its highest authorities told us ten years ago that its quarantine acts "may be said to have become practically obsolete." A ship arriving there from a port where cholera prevails is not detained at all unless the disease has been on board; and even then it and its well passengers are detained only until inspected and disinfected. The system has proved safe enough, and several times cholera has been brought into English ports without being propagated on shore. The Encyclopædia Britannica says a case of cholera is now received into England "with much the same sort of assurance as a case of typhoid fever would be," and that the maxim for cholera is, "take care of the conditions and the disease will take care of itself." It tells how the system has spread and says, "for the whole of Northern Europe, including the Atlantic seaboard of France, quarantine is now practically obsolete." In 1889, a quarantine

commission appointed by the Royal College of Physicians, reported that "it is unwise to impose quarantine restrictions" in yellow fever and cholera and that "the commission is strongly opposed to such restrictions generally, which it considers harmful and vexatious."

Of course this abandonment of quarantine has to be supplemented by careful inspection and disinfection, by a close care of the sick and watch of the suspected, and by sanitary precautions everywhere. But with such precautions, there is no cause for dread. A late London *Lancet* urges people to remember the fact that cholera epidemics have little or no effect upon life insurance statistics, for the class of people who are prudent enough to insure seldom die of them. So has the vain attempt to exclude pestilence been giving way to the far more successful system of disarming it when it comes by cleanliness and careful sanitary measures.

The quarantine story is not without its moral. Cholera comes from the same Greek word as choler or anger, and the various moral evils of which anger is a type are subjects to the same principles. There is little use in prohibiting them in the old quarantine way. Evil influences invade human society more insidiously than pestilence germs and cannot be shut out. The better way is to cultivate a healthy condition of soul that will not be harmed by them. We try to quarantine intemperance by prohibitory measures, but seldom succeed, and the wisest way seems to be not to forbid this evil, but to fill men with better tastes and fit them to withstand it. Timid people try to shut out errors of opinion, but the better way is to cultivate a mental strength that can take care of errors. Timid people denounce bad passions and try to suppress them, but the wiser way is to build up good feelings that can resist them. We should of course keep evil away all we can, but broad knowledge and clear thought are better than any quarantine of vice, and humane sentiments are the true disinfectants of evil. In the moral field too, we can follow the cholera maxim, "Take care of the conditions, and the disease will take care of itself."

H. M. S.

No man ever sacrificed his sense of right to any thing, to lust of pleasure, lust of money, lust of power, or lust of fame, but the swift feet of Justice overtook him. She held her austere court within his soul, conducted the trial, passed the sentence, and performed the execution. It was done with closed doors; nobody saw it, only that unslumbering Eye, and that man's heart. Nay, perhaps the man felt it not himself, but only shrunk and shriveled, and grew less and less, one day to fall, with lumbering crash, a ruin to the ground.—*Theodore Parker*.

It is possible to spend a great deal too much time and mental energy over the thesis that miracles cannot be relied on. The thesis, though true, is merely negative, and therefore of secondary importance. The important question is what becomes of religion—so precious, as we believe, to the human race—if miracles cannot be relied on? As soon as we satisfy ourselves that on miracles we cannot build, let us have done with questions about them and begin to build on something surer.—*Matthew Arnold*.

A WOMAN justice of the peace in Wyoming last year sent her husband to jail for contempt of court. Who is afraid that women will be unduly influenced by their husbands if they are allowed the franchise?

Men and Things.

OLIVES can be grown on willows by the ordinary process of grafting; another parable of nature capable of ethical application. Emerson says, "The laws above are twin sisters to the laws below."

"THERE is a village on the Northern Pacific railroad which has fifty-four inhabitants and two churches, both Presbyterian," so says an exchange. Let the movement toward church union begin there.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS said of a friend: "He was so true that his impressions were like moral judgments—he was an additional conscience to his friends." And this might well have been written by another of Mr. Curtis himself.

NOTWITHSTANDING their diminutive size, pugnacity is one of the most conspicuous traits of humming-birds. Even king birds and the boldest hawks are afraid of them. The small things of this world often confound the great.

THE golden-rod grows outside of this country. An American tourist in France found some growing in a valley near Chetel, and, moreover, the peasants call it *gerbe d'or*. The National flower of the United States ought to be a cosmopolitan.

A CROCODILE was recently shot on the Daintree river, Queensland. His stomach contained a Father Mathew temperance medal dated 1880. Alas! how many men have taken the pledge and have broken faith with their stomachs in much less time than that.

THE fact that lost people travel in a circle has been explained by the fact that ninety per cent of the human kind have one leg a little longer than the other, and the longer leg walks around the shorter one. Now who will explain the longer-leg mystery.

THE *New York Observer*, sound and conservative, rejoices to discover that Herbert Spencer canceled a whole page in his book on *The Data of Ethics*, when he changed his mind concerning a passage in St. Paul. This is a good example for the preachers, but how it would mutilate the sermons; sermons that never come too easy.

A PHILADELPHIA minister, at the Monday meeting, gives this grammar lesson on the "higher criticism" to his associates, "Positive rotten, comparative rottener, superlative rottenest." The brethren are reported to have had lots of fun. We would laugh too were it not so sad to see such levity among those who call themselves the guardians of religion.

A GOOD story is told of Bishop George H. Kinsolving of Texas. The newly elevated prelate, who is a giant in stature, was slowly walking up Chestnut street, Philadelphia, when he noticed a youngster eyeing him with eyes wide open, from the curb. He stood the boy's searching glance for a few seconds, and then, with a smile, remarked to him, "What's the matter, my friend?" "Why, ain't you Buffalo Bill?" questioned the gamin, growing bold. "No, I'm not that fellow," was the bishop's reply; "I am Texas George."

THE Hon. J. G. Woolley thus sums up the problem for the man who is afraid he will throw his vote away at election time, when, at the same time he is voting for what he thinks is right.

"I am not bound to demolish it (the saloon), but only my interest in it. There are 12,000,000 voters in the United States. I'll vote my fraction right, and every time I vote I'll carry my share of the election, as long as God is alive. That may not do the saloon any harm, but it will be good for me. I am not bound to be successful, but I am bound to be true. A square man is never wrong side up. 'My vote won't count, you say?' Listen! 'Abraham believed God, and it was counted.'"

JOHN FISKE was the essayist at the monthly meeting of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society, which was held in the chapel of Boston University early this month. The subject of Professor Fiske's paper was "Charles Lee, the Soldier of Fortune." Lee's treachery to the American cause was reviewed at length and some additional light shed upon it, his subsequent incapable conduct at the battle of Monmouth, resulting, in one of Washington's few recorded bursts of anger, was vividly narrated. The speaker drew an instructive moral from the petulant and unprovoked outbreak which ultimately severed his relation with the army for the last time, although he had deserved cashiering in much more aggravated instances often before.

A CORRESPONDENT in an exchange writes: "In Japan, we found that the greatest interest in the Exposition was manifested. It was an ever-present topic of conversation in every walk of life. In every shop, even with the most conservative of curio dealers, who were reluctant in exhibiting their choicest wares to foreigners, the magic words, 'Hakurankwai, Chicago,'

was the open sesame which threw down all barriers, and gave us views of their most valued treasures. The secret of this is to be found in the great ambition of the Japanese to become a leading commercial power." This is significant in other than in commercial directions. In the great exhibit of thought and of religious faith that is to be made in Chicago next year are those who call themselves Unitarians as anxious as our Japanese friends to be recognized.

In his address at his installation as rector of Berlin University, Professor Virchow said that "the dead languages had contributed greatly to create a mutual basis of understanding and a common educational foundation for the peoples of Europe, strengthening at the same time the idea of consanguinity. That state of things, however, was entirely changed, and the turning point in the supremacy of the classical languages had been reached. A grammatical education is not the means for progressive development demanded by our youth. Mathematics, philosophy and the natural sciences give young minds so firm an intellectual preparation that they can easily make themselves at home in any department of learning."

A FUND of \$5,000 has been begun in Milwaukee for the purchase of a painting by Carl Marr for presentation to the Layton Art museum. At last accounts \$2,500 had been collected, Carl Marr was a Milwaukee boy who received his art education in Munich. His "Mystery of Life," an aged man on the seashore looking down on the body of a woman washed up on the beach, is in one of the eastern galleries of the Metropolitan museum. This summer Mrs. Hearst of California paid \$6,000 for "Summer Afternoon," a large painting at the International, in Munich. The picture proposed for a public subscription is just completed. Milwaukee is said to have no representative of Marr's work. This man's pictures are to be looked for at the coming World's Fair.

PARIS has a school population of 160,000, of which 69,000 are boys, 30,000 infants of both sexes, and the remainder girls; there are 7,400 children receiving no education, owing to there being no school accommodation, a want that is being repaired. A startling fact: seventeen years ago there were 60,000 children attending no school in Paris, and a singularly forgotten fact, it was M. Renan, who, as head of the University, if that term can be employed, contributed to reduce that army of ignorance, by affording facilities to his professors to train masters for the Normal Schools. The Minister of Public Instruction has taken a bold step in advance; he has authorized, at the expense of the government, the publication of an official grumbler's journal, where every pedagogue paid by the State, whether male or female, will be invited to pen fearlessly, whatever he perceives to be faulty in the working of the great state machine of public education.

"RENAN always rose superior to his subject," writes Max Müller. "He was never stopped or crushed by it. His religious views were those of every enlightened and honest historian. Practically, he was a much better Christian than many of those who denied him the right to the appellation. And although from the double standpoint of history and philosophy, our opinions diverged more and more as we grew older, there never was any discordant note between us. I knew him and trusted him. We agreed mutually to accept our differences of opinion; but we never were at variance as to the *suprema lex* of all scientific research—namely, absolute respect for truth so far as we wretched, imperfect mortals can ascertain it. He was one of the few men who was always present to my mind when I was writing. There are not many such left. France just now has a wealth of young orientalist savants; but Renan was one of the last surviving veterans of that 'old guard' which 'dies but never surrenders.'"

WHEN the late Lieutenant Schwatka started to explore Alaska his effects were carried by about seventy-five Indians across the mountains, and a raft was built on which the party floated down the river 1,305 miles—the longest recorded raft journey. By this expedition the length of the Yukon was found to be 2,045 miles, navigable for 1866. In 1884 he resigned the commission of first lieutenant, Third Cavalry, and two years later he made an expedition for the *New York Times* among the Mt. St. Elias Alps, the chief mountain being ascended over 7,000 feet. In 1889 he made an expedition to the northern part of Old Mexico, practically unexplored, on account of the presence of the warlike Apaches. Many interesting relics of Aztec civilization were found, and studies made of the cliff and cave dwellers, of whom Schwatka estimated there were from 3,000 to 12,000 in Chihuahua alone. Lieutenant Schwatka received the Roquette Arctic medal from the Geographical Society of Paris, and he was honorary member of several foreign societies. His books are "Along Alaska's Great River," "Nimrod in the North," "The Children of the Cold."

Contributed and Selected.

Between.

The solemn heights in glory lean
Against the bending starlit sky,
Down in the valley gloom at e'en
Home lights shine out right cheerily;
But just between,
Cold winds blow over the ledges bare,
The stars are hidden, no lights are there.

Life's mighty hills uplifted and serene,
Invite strong souls that struggle and
aspire
While ever tranquil smile the lowlands
green
On hearts contented round their hearth-
stone fire,
But between,
Where neither shelter is nor guerdon sweet,
There stand the yearning and unsatisfied;
Called from the vale and faltering on the
steep,
They gain not joy nor in content abide.

ALICE GORDON.

Religious Unity.

[In a recent issue, the Chicago Times has recently interviewed several of the Chicago ministers on the question of Christian Unity. The following from two of the most popular younger ministers in the orthodoxy of Chicago is significant.]

DR. FRANK M. BRISTOL (*Methodist*).—The sentiment in favor of church unity is growing rapidly in all the churches. Of course I am not to be understood by that to mean organic union—not a union in church polity. I mean a union of church spirit, sympathy, and doctrine. Already theological differences are greatly modifying, in some instances actually disappearing. Notice the changed tone of pulpit utterance on theological questions. The pulpit is far in advance of the colleges, and the reason for that is the preacher comes in contact with the people, while the college professor is shut up with his books which deal with the old and not the new order of things. The people are progressive and their influence upon the pulpit has been a broadening and elevating one. The parliament of religions will greatly advance this work, and I am convinced that the Christian faith, coming in contact and comparison with other of the world's religions, will stand out all the more clearly and brightly as the best of them all. In saying that I am not passing criticism upon the believers in the religions of the orient. Great abuse has been heaped upon those ancient religions simply because they have not been understood. To me the test is as to a man's sincerity. When I know a man is sincere that's enough. I want his hand and his fellowship in the common work of bettering the world. The higher criticism, advanced biblical scholarship, is removing barriers, too. As a result of these investigations into the meaning of this or that passage of the Bible the world is advised correctly as to the real and only meaning which may attach to it. It has become scientifically exact, this meaning of the Bible, and no longer can a half-dozen sects use the same passage from the Bible as a foundation on which to erect as many different systems of theology. Christianity is becoming more and more a life and a hope, less and less a dogma or a theory. I look with hope to an early union of the order I have suggested, and see no reason why it should not come now.

DR. JOHN H. BARROWS. (*Presbyterian*).—Church union is more than a possibility; it is a necessity. It is being forced upon us by the necessities of our times, by the scandal and weakness of schism, that the churches shall get closer together, and that result must inevitably follow. I have no confidence that any central hierarchy with a world-wide organization is to dominate the nations. There is a better, and grander, and truer unity than that. The indications are, however, that bodies of Christians

who are naturally affiliated, whose differences are trivial, will come together, and that then the churches which, though having different names, are substantially one, will come into co-operation, and ultimately into union, and that in the evolution which is rapidly going on, in the training of bigger brains and bigger hearts, those who have long been sundered by the memory of past alienations and misunderstandings will come into substantial accord. I shall not be surprised if there come into existence great brotherhoods of Christian unity, whose numbers will ultimately be so large as to comprise almost the entire membership of the churches, and that gradually, possibly speedily, ecclesiastical organizations will be remolded, adapted to new necessities, and readjusted to the broader spirit of the more enlightened coming age. As a Presbyterian I do not hesitate to say that there is no good reason why Presbyterian churches of all lands and names should not come together in organic unity. And I am of the opinion that there is no reason why Calvinism in any of its distinctive forms should be embodied in the church's creed. The time has come when the application of tests of the character which now obtain should cease to be made. You have heard of the estimable lady who said she was not sure she was a Christian, but was certain that she was a Baptist. Well, I have met a good many men who made no pretensions to being religious, but they were pronounced and bigoted Presbyterians. Christian unity is the pressing need of the time, and its influence upon the world would be greater than all other forces combined. A reunited Christendom will be the great peacemaker among the jarring interests that disturb our industrial life. Christians co-operating will take hold vigorously of the crime question, the saloon question, the child question, the Sunday question, the poverty question. It is our business to make the conditions of life more tolerable here below, to bridge over the chasms which separate the rich and poor, to push back the evil forces that have thrived through our disunion. But one way is open for the accomplishment of these results, and that is through a loyally united Christianity.

"The Uncrowned Queen of American Democracy."

Mr. Wm. T. Stead has done a generous and gallant act, in his presentation of the life of Frances Willard and presenting her as the Uncrowned Queen of American Democracy, but the reader sees that the writer has an exceedingly limited conception of the dominant American type of women. While Miss Willard does honor to her womanhood by her leadership in the world-wide temperance reform, she stands as only one among a thousand others who are typical of the rising womanhood of this country. While there can be but one president of the W. C. T. U., at one time, a thousand women could be found in this country who could fill that honored position, equally humane in sympathy, and many of them more catholic in their religious views.

For several years Miss Willard has advocated the doctrine "that this is a Christian country" and should be so recognized politically. She is not above advocating the conviction of enforcing the commandment to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, as applying to the first day of the week. She thus perverts the fact when she says this is a Christian country, meaning that in a legal sense, and also perverts a Hebrew command by applying it to the Christian Sunday.

Within the last twenty years we

have had exhaustive discussions of "Religion and the State." I would like to see reproduced some of those clean, logical arguments which used to appear in the *Index*, from the pen of Frances E. Abbott, to meet the sentimentality of this so-called Queen of the religious heart of American women. Miss Willard would have the women of the W. C. T. U. "stand solidly as an association" in opposition to the opening of the gates of the Exposition grounds on Sunday. These women are enemies of religious liberty, as understood by the founders of our government. They do not seem to remember that one of the early treaties signed by George Washington was with Tripoli, a Mohammedan country.

The ground on which Washington claimed that, by treaty, our government could give the same protection to a Mohammedan under our laws as to a Christian, was, that ours is not a Christian government. This principle has been recognized in our dealings with Jew and Parsee and pagan.

The Sabbatarians ought to read the reasons by which President Thomas Jefferson declined to appoint a national fast day. "I consider the government of the United States as interdicted by the constitution from meddling with religious institutions, their doctrines, discipline or exercises. . . . It is only proposed that I should indirectly assume to the United States an authority over religious exercises, which is forbidden by the Constitution. I do not believe it is for the interest of religion to invite the civil magistrate to direct its exercises, its discipline or its doctrines, nor of the religious societies, that the general government should be invested with the power of effecting any uniformity of time or matter between them." Every one must see that when the general government legislates in reference to the observance of Sunday, it is departing from the rule of the fathers.

Alvah Hovey, D.D., president of the Baptist theological school of Newton, Massachusetts, in a book on "Religion and the State," said: "A company of atheists, whether scientific or philosophical, has, in the eye of civil authority, the same right to meet and proclaim unbelief as any body of Christians has to meet for the service of God. For the state is not charged with the duty of ascertaining the true faith and supporting it, but with the duty of asserting the equal freedom of all men to think and act for themselves in matters of religion while they pay due respect to the rights of one another."

This is simply a good statement of the doctrine of the rights of conscience by a Baptist.

But he adds the words of Roger Williams as follows: "It is the will and command of God, that a permission of the most Romish, Jewish, Turkish or anti-Christian consciences and worship be granted to all men in all nations and countries."

While we are opposing the action of the government in Sunday legislation, we are defending the principle of religious liberty. We say to the government "hands off," and to these zealous Sabbatarians they are attempting to interfere with the rights of conscience guaranteed in state and national constitutions. There is danger in this "God in the constitution" fanaticism. When it is legally declared that this is a Christian nation and Sunday is the Christian Sabbath, then where is Saturday as the Sabbath of Jew and Adventist?

About the close of the civil war a tide of religious fanaticism swept over the country, which secured the motto on the silver dollar, "In God we trust," and then the next thing was to demonetize these silver dollars and make them worthless for the people—

a good illustration of what such religious zeal will do for the country. It is pernicious, away with it. S. S. H.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Evil Eye.

BY EMIL C. HIRSCH. REPRINTED FROM THE
Folk-Lorist.

The literature on the evil eye is simply immense. From the four quarters of the globe, material has been brought together, bearing on this curious and universal conceit. But, however varied the conditions of the people of whom the belief and its consequences have been reported, and however dissimilar their environments, monotony of repetition characterizes the information. The notion seems to be as old as the human race itself. From its tyranny, no section of the earth is free. To it bow the savage races, but with no greater servility than do the cultured nations of modern times. It forges its chains for the ignorant, as for the wise. Civilization is no bar to its dominion, and barbarism is not its more fertile soil.

As full as is the information gathered under all skies, so varied are also the theories advanced to account for the prevalence of this universal dread. Euhemerism has not been slow to exploit also this territory. A physical fact or power is held to be hidden under the popular belief. Magnetism and hypnotism have been invoked to rob the uncanny gift of the evil eye of its mystery, while confirming its effects. But as always, so in this case, Euhemerism has a bungling hand. At best, it explains but a part. Granted that there is power in the eye to subdue and cow both fiercer and weaker natures, will thus throw light also on the strange means to which resort has been had to neutralize the fatal charm? Fascination is "a fact well-known to the student of natural history." But unless account be taken of another element for which the fact is but the basis, the real source psychic process, which reasons out the existence of the evil eye and its fatality, is not laid open. To trace to the "natural fact" the origin of a belief, a myth, a superstition is to explain *obscurum per obscurius*.

Owing to the brilliancy of the eye, it is regarded, as is well known, as the seat of the soul. Savages will eat the eyes of their bravest enemies slain in battle, in order to absorb into their own soul the spirit of the departed. That the soul of one may thus pass into the body of another, is also a universal belief. Death frees the soul from its temporary encasement. But duty on the part of the living to the dead extends beyond the grave. The same wants prevail in the *post mortem* state as did before. To provide for these, is the object of the funeral rites. Unless proper funeral honors have been paid, and until they have been paid, the soul will roam about hungry and thirsting above the ground. The air is full with these "revenants," "genganger," as the spirits are called in many languages. They are invisible to the human eye. But means may be taken to assure one of their ubiquity. Often they lodge themselves in the body of a living person. Through the eye of this, their host, as it were, they manifest their wants. They are hungry; the piercing look of him who must harbor them, betokens their appetite. As the spirits who have received their dues do not return, those that do have come back to exact their rights. The obligation to discharge the *sacra* or duty toward the departed rested primarily on the son, and on the family. To die without leaving offspring who would take care of the proper funeral rites was, of all calamities, the direst. To remedy the possible misfortune, adoption, where natural issue failed, was resorted to.

Neglect to discharge this sacred obligation was impious. But revenge on the part of the injured spirit would not fail to be wreaked. The spirit may, even after death, adopt. But how should the living know that a hungry, injured spirit required his services? Here was a great danger. The hungry look, the piercing, fiery glance, betokened the *sacra* not yet satisfied. Woe to him who was exposed to it! It was he who had been adopted by the dead, and as he was ignorant of his selection to fill the place of the son, and in consequence had not discharged the sacred obligation, upon him now was visited the punishment for the impious neglect.

In these ideas, so prevalent among all primitive and also among many of the cultured peoples, we have the root germ of the belief in the evil eye. Hence it is that children especially are exposed to its dangers. As it is my purpose merely to confine myself in the main to material gathered from Semitic (Talmudical) sources, I have not gone to special pains to investigate whether in this regard, elsewhere, similar notions were entertained. With all the ambition which the Semite has for male offspring, we find among the Jews the belief that the evil eye, in the first place, affects the male children. These, as said before, were the proper persons to discharge the *sacra*. Hence it was deemed an auspicious circumstance if the first child was a girl, for females are proof against the fascination. The evil eye never has power over those who are descended from the house of Joseph, and as the scouts which Joshua sent out to explore Canaan held themselves to be of the house of Joseph, they did not dread exposure to the evil eye. In these statements on the part of the Rabbis, who also contend that for a similar reason R. Yo'hanan held himself to be free from the fatal effect, we have a proof in point that the theory here expounded is correct. Why should Joseph's descendants enjoy this singular exception? Of Joseph, the Bible informs us to that effect, it was known that he had performed his filial obligation to Jacob. He had promised to inter the patriarch in the land of Canaan, and had redeemed his pledge. On the other hand he had been accorded the same honors. When the children of Israel left Egypt, they took with them the remains of Joseph. A descendant of Joseph thus could be safe in the knowledge that his ancestor was not among the returning spirits.

But the Romans place before us another corroboration. The Phallus is the main charm and protection against the evil eye. It therefore was called *fascinus*, or *fascinum par excellence*. Such representations of the Phallus (*Res turpicalæ*) were worn by the children around their neck, and hung up above the doors of houses and placed in huge sizes as protection in gardens and on fields. The ancient commentators were puzzled how to establish a connection between these Phallus figures and their supposed protection.

The obscene sight, they argued, will attract the eyes and thus draw the gaze away from the endangered object or person. However ingenious this explanation, offered by Plutarch, it is plainly incorrect, and altogether too artificial to account for such spontaneous and general observance. The Phallus is the central symbol of the ancestral cultus. It indicates, when employed as a charm, that the wearer has been loyal to his filial duties. As such, he is entitled to be left alone by the hungry demon, who receives by the amulet due notice that he has no claim to recognition from the person or locality endangered.

A curious notice has lately made the round of the press, which bears out incidentally the theory here ad-

vanced. It was to this effect, that the continued refusal to admit Baron Hirsch, the well known Jewish Philanthropist, to membership in the fashionable clubs of England and France, was due to the suspicion which attached to him of being a *jettatore*, possessed of the evil eye. While the appearance of the Baron may lend color to the suspicion, the fact that *he is without a son* is probably the unconscious but true reason for so regarding him. He is therefore suspected of being in constant search for one who will pay him the ancestral worship.

Be this as it may, certain it is that among the precautions advised by the Rabbis against the evil eye is also this: "Whoever dreads the evil eye, shall place the thumb of his right hand into his left, and that of the left into the right, and say: I, N. N., son of N. N., am descended from the sons of Joseph."

A similar proceeding is reported of the Neapolitans. The peculiar position of the thumb, encased in the hand, is a phallic gesture; it recalls and indicates the generative process. (It is called "*facere il fico*" [to make the fig], an obscene term. Ed. Folk-Lorist.)

That the demons, or evil spirits, are credited with lascivious inclinations, is well established. As they have not accorded the filial dues, they are supposed to be intent even in their spirit state upon procreation. At all events, goats and demons are supposed by the Rabbis to be interchangeable terms. The amorous disposition of the goat needs only to be mentioned, to establish the natural connection between the two.

A recent report from Jerusalem on the customs and superstitions of the Jews there residing, mentions that, in order to avoid the spell of the evil eye, the five fingers are painted in red color, or sometimes only one finger, over the doors of the houses and that a similar charm made of silver is worn by the children. Lundz, who reports this, ventures to account for the usage by considering a threat that he, who will exercise his fatal gift will be seized by the strong hand. I suspect that the fingers are substitutes for the Phallus. Indeed, finger is frequently euphemistically used for the *membrum virile* in Rabbinic phraseology. (A coral hand is worn now in Naples against the *mal occhio*. Ed. Folk-Lorist.)

"Forespeaking" attracts the evil eye. Whether this be due to the fear that the spirit in search of a son, as it were, to adopt, is supposed to be fastidious in his tastes, and apt to choose the best looking, or whether this be but another form of the universal horror of exciting the jealousy of the Gods, I must leave undecided. The Greeks were not the only ones who entertained this notion. The Jews also took precautions against "*Beschreien*,"—against praising beyond bounds person or object. The technical term "*Beschreien*," the German for *incantare* or *invocare* is to-day yet, even in America, a standing phrase among the Jews. A Talmudical maxim enjoins "not to join one joyous occasion to another." Excess of joy is a challenge to the evil spirits, the evil eye. The Syrian population of Palestine to-day has similar conceits. "You must never admire a child without saying *Bismallah* or *Fu* (Fie)." The Rabbis advise one to call a pretty son "ugly ducky." In order to protect trees and plants against the evil eye, the Syrian farmer will fasten to them a glass ring of blue color, and an egg. Blue is the color of Venus, the egg the symbol of fertility; thus we have in these again the phallic reminiscences and survivals. Among the Jews it was the rule never to visit the acres of the neighbor when the crop was ripening,

as such visits exposed to the suspicion of being possessed of the evil eye. If one was aware of having the fatal gift, he was told, before looking at other persons or objects, first to look down the left part of his own nose, a custom which today still obtains in Syria. But the most effective method was to spit out. Spirits never cross water. This aversion is universally attributed to them. Water is poured out among the Jews before the door of the house, when a death has occurred. Upon leaving the cemetery, the hands are washed. In the room, where the corpse is placed, is also placed a pail, full of water. For the angel of death cannot return to claim a new victim, when his access is barred in this manner. The evil eye is disarmed by spitting out. An unwashed face is more apt to be under the influence of the evil eye, than one upon which the daily ablutions have been performed.

In the middle ages, among other qualities imputed to them, the Jews were held to be especially gifted with the evil eye. Their hungry look and so forth, has been held to have given rise to this suspicion. But it is clear, that though in this wise they were most generally represented pictorially, this is not the correct explanation. Like the spirits who could not find rest, was Israel doomed to wander under the curse. The Wandering Jew was the very incarnation of the hungry restless spirit waiting in vain for his funeral release. Hence the Jew was the *jettatore par excellence*; and the street or the quarter of the city which was assigned to him became the Ghetto.

Since writing the above I came across the following notice: "Farmers will attach to their cows blue pearls and a small piece of wood." Once the writer was present when a truly beautiful cow was admired, whereupon the owner at once rebuked the admiring visitor: "Ya Tes, Ya ibn Tes, mush sha'if el-charaze wa'ud el-mes?" ("Thou goat, son of a goat, dost thou not see the pearl and the little piece of wood?") In Syria thus, even to the present day, it is the *Goat*, the son of a *goat*, who represents the evil eye.

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The Study Table.

The under mentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

A Dear Old Book.*

It was high time for a new edition of "Prue and I" and one beautiful enough for its intrinsic quality. Here at my elbow is the original edition, thirty-five years old, the large cheerful type as yet unharmed, and also a late edition from the same plates, the type sadly battered and with many a missing link, telling a story which the first edition did not know and could not guess—of many editions printed from the old plates and delighting successive swarms of young people coming up to the enjoyment of the feast of life. The new edition which has just come out is very different from the many and yet one already named. The letter-press is of the 16mo size upon a crown 12mo page, but the illustrations often encroach on the wide margins. Mr. Sterner's illustrations are entirely in the spirit of the text and that means that they are very beautiful and satisfactory. They were so to Mr. Curtis, who saw an early copy of the book the last time he came up from Staten Island to New York, to correct his proofs, after his usual manner, sitting on a bottomless cane-seat chair, back numbers of the *Weekly* making good the missing part. There is a fac-simile of the author's "Address to the Gentle Reader," but, strange to say, it lacks the personal autograph at the end. Why it was not written there at once I do not know, but I do know that, when it was afterward desired, it was too late; his hand had laid the weary pen aside. Doubtless it might easily be supplied, but its omission is a pathetic circumstance which perhaps had better not be amended.

"Prue and I" is the most delightful outcome of Mr. Curtis' earlier literary activity, before the publicist and the reformer had been evolved in him from the mere man of letters. It is a book of pure sentiment, without one sentimental line. It foreshadowed the best work of the *Easy Chair*, and with a touch hardly less firm and sure. Rereading it after an interval of thirty years I have been surprised to find how seldom I was obliged to say, "He would not have done this further on." I hardly dared to read it again, lest I should find it lacking in the remembered charm. But, in truth, I think I enjoyed it more than at first. Many a phrase I had not been able to forget and many another came back like a lovely face I had forgotten or "the sound of a voice that is still." The sentiment did not find me in my young manhood more perfectly than in my second youth—"fifty is the youth of old age"—and as for the manner and the style I have now, I dare believe, an appreciation and enjoyment of those things which I could not have in my young days. It is interesting to know that Mr. Curtis had such a lingering affection for this book as he did not have for any other of his novitiates. For "The Potiphar Papers" he had no such feeling. In them he wore the rue of Thackeray but "with a difference," a great difference. They were too direct to be good satire, and they were too little shaped upon the social facts to have the accent of reality. "In Prue and I" we have no foreign element, but his own voice and hand. Plain living and high thinking had found a new advocate and all quiet, simple, gracious and sincere behavior a new

recommendation to a noisy and pre-sumptuous time.

I should have said that there are two choices of this new edition, one for \$3.50, and another, *édition de luxe*, in full vellum for \$15. But the \$3.50 edition is good enough for any of the simple folk of whom "Prue and I" is the delightful praise. In its exquisite silk binding—green of the Nile its color, as if it were "The Nile Notes of an Howadji" and with its wide margins and beautiful uncut leaves, it is itself an *édition de luxe*, only not so luxurious as the other.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

MELODY, meaning, and merit characterize the six new carols in the Christmas Service, just published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. The titles are: "Onward," "O Happy Bells of Christmas," "The Little Taper," "The Christmas Glory," "The Shepherds' Song," and "Life of Love." Price per copy, five cents; per one hundred, \$4.00.

We clip the above extracts from a fresh announcement of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society of Boston. Those having no Christmas service at command may be interested in this new music but to those who find fresh pleasure each anniversary in using the familiar music of "Unity Festivals" there would seem a positive wrench in giving up the services that have become precious by their repetition.

Records of Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

These elaborate papers are reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*. They are most admirable with their fac-similes and illustrations, with their reminiscences so intimate and yet so carefully reserved within due bounds. The spirit in which they are written is prefigured perfectly in the motto on the title-page which is taken from Ruskin's "Præterita": "I have written frankly, garrulously, and at ease, speaking of what gives me joy to remember at any length I like; sometimes very carefully of what I think may be useful for others to know and passing over in total silence things which I have no pleasure in reviewing. Of the three personalities Browning's was incomparably the least crotchety and the most genial. We have had nothing else concerning these men so vividly reflective of their personal walk and conversation. A fourth person is also vividly reflected. It is Mrs. Browning. A fifth gets so much incidental illustration that we long for more. It is Thackeray. And what a delightful book we should have if Mrs. Ritchie would write one about her father in the same manner and spirit in which she has written these reminiscences of Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning. It is preposterous that the life of one, who was himself such a lover of personality, should not be written by those most competent to do it before it is too late. If they do not do it well others will do it ill, as they have done it already. Meantime what a blessing are his letters to the Brookfields, and every scrap of his other letters that has come to hand!"

J. W. C.

The Danube From the Black Forest to the Black Sea. By F. D. Millet. Illustrated by the Author and Alfred Parsons. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Millet is a name to which art seems to gravitate as the earth to the sun and the moon to the earth and youth and maid to each other in the golden prime. There is the great French François Millet, *is*, because the artist never dies—and the English artist who spells his name in a more French-like way, John Everett Millais, English, born of Jersey stock; and last and least our own Frank Millet, whose name should be pronounced as if he were a cereal, and indeed he is "as good as corn." He is a very genuine artist and a veritable Bohemian, a nomadic person, fully convinced that Goethe had the right of it when he sang "To make room for wandering, was it, that the world was made so wide?" Mr. Millet has done his share of wandering and in this book he describes a late experience in that kind. If his text had been no more than a mere silken thread on which to string the pictures of the book we should not have complained, but it is so pleasant that without the illustrations, which are indeed most charming, it would have justified itself. We have here that something indefinable which marks the style of a man for whom literature is an avocation, not the amateur's, but the man's who writes mainly because he has something to say; a manner which has its best example of late years in the memoirs of General Grant. The trip was one which could not have been bettered for its various attractions and especially for such as lent themselves to the sketcher's joyous art. The proofs of this are given lavishly. As a

general thing Mr. Parsons does the landscape and Mr. Millet the figure pieces. If we dared to hesitate a fear of anything amiss it would be that Mr. Millet's predilection for girlish beauty had sometimes got the better of the facts. But no fault could be more readily forgiven.

J. W. C.

NOTHING in the *Methodist Review* for November-December calls for especial notice in UNITY unless it be the article by Rev. C. M. Morse on "Regeneration as a Force in Reform Movements," which has for its thesis: "If the entire population of the country should be converted or regenerated in an hour, it would not result in a single reform in the industrial or social world." Perhaps the phrase *in an hour* should be emphasized. There is, however, a sentence in an editorial on current skepticism which deserves to be quoted:

"Who are the supreme singers of to-day? We all know them well: Tennyson, the Brownings, Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier. These seers comprehend their times. They have the culture of their age and of all ages; but if asked for the last word of philosophy or the best message for man, they answer with united voice: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' If any young man is tempted to skepticism let him reflect that the men of our time who feel most profoundly the life of humanity are believers, and not skeptics."

That is rich!

W. W. F.

Short Talks on Character Building. By G. T. Howerson. M. S. Illustrated. (Graduate of American Institute of Phrenology, Founder of the Phrenological College, Buena Vista, Miss.) New York: Fowler & Wells Co. \$1.00.

A book full of good advice to teachers and parents; devoted to the best training of children and the making of clean individual life and happy homes; but not startlingly new or original in its suggestions. A good book in the sense of *not* being bad but not stimulating to any new thought in these directions.

Littell's Living Age for 1893. For nearly half a century *The Living Age* has held a place in the front rank of American periodicals—coming week by week freighted with the most valuable literary products of foreign lands. It selects with rare judgment and discrimination the most masterly productions, scientific, biographical, historical, political; the best essays, reviews, criticisms, tales, poetry, in fact everything the intelligent reader most desires to obtain.

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per and good press work, it is as near perfection as any periodical can well be.

To all new subscribers for the year 1893, will be sent *gratis* the two October issues containing a powerful story by Frank Harris, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled *Profit and Loss*, and also the numbers of 1892 published after the receipt of their subscriptions. \$8.00 a year; with UNITY \$8.50. Send fifteen cents for a sample copy and further particulars to Littell & Co., Boston.

Pray you, Sir, Whose Daughter? By Helen H. Gardner. Boston: Arena Publishing Co. Paper, 50 cents.

This book has much to recommend it in the vivacious style and fearless honesty which characterize the author's other books. It seems to us, however, to be less carefully worked out than others which UNITY has previously reviewed.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

The Royal Road to Beauty, Health and a Higher Development. By Carrica Le Favre. New York: Fowler, Wells & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Paper, 16mo, pp. 85. 25 cents.

The Truth about Beauty. By Annie Wolf. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 212. \$1.25.

An Artist in Crime. By Rodrigues Ottolengui. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 281. \$1.00.

Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian. Christian Scriptures. By Edward T. Bartlett, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 601. \$2.00.

Select Notes on the International Lessons for 1893. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D. D. and M. A. Peloubet. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co. Cloth, 8vo.

A Young Knight-Errent. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 329. \$1.25.

The New Movement in Humanity. By William Jewett Tucker. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Paper, pp. 24. 25 cents.

At Sundown. By John Greenleaf Whittier; with designs by E. H. Garrett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 70. \$1.50.

Prose Idyls. By John Albee. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 172. \$1.25.

Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey. By Ingersoll Lockwood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 235. \$2.00.

In Health. By A. J. Ingersoll, M. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 261. \$1.00.

The Fortunes of Toby Trafford. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 315. \$1.25.

The Silver Cross Calendar. Published by the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons. New York. Parchment paper, 50 cents.

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*Prue and I, by George William Curtis. Illustrated from drawings by Albert Edward Sterner. Harper & Brothers, 1892.

Notes from the Field.

Alton, Ill.—Rev. W. M. Backus was installed as minister of the Unitarian church on Friday afternoon, November 18. Rev. T. B. Forbush preached the sermon, taking for his subject, "The Modern Gospel." The prayer of installation was offered by Rev. J. C. Learned; Rev. F. L. Hosmer gave the right hand of fellowship, Rev. John Snyder the address to the people, and Rev. W. A. Pratt, of Keokuk, a friend of Mr. Backus, and through whom the latter was led into his freer faith, gave the address to the minister. A fitting word of welcome, in behalf of the congregation, was given by one of the trustees. A large delegation of friends from St. Louis, came with Mr. Learned and Mr. Snyder, and their presence added to the gladness of the occasion. The hospitality of the Alton people recalled the old-time New England ordinations and installations. A noon dinner was served in the church dining-room, at which congregation and guests sat down. Supper was also served in the same place, and an evening platform meeting closed this festival day for the Alton church and its new minister. Mr. Learned and Mr. Pratt were obliged to return by early train. Mr. Snyder presided at the evening meeting, and also spoke upon "What the Unitarian church has to say about God," in like manner Mr. Forbush spoke upon the "Bible," Mr. Hosmer upon "Jesus," and Mr. Backus upon "Man." Mr. Backus brings to his new field a devout spirit and a thoughtful mind. Beginning his ministry in the Methodist church, wherein he grew up, he comes into the Unitarian fellowship through the Universalist church wherein he has held two pastorates. The Alton friends are to be congratulated on so soon securing a successor to Mr. Stevens, now of Menomonee, Wis., and with such apparent unanimity.

Youngstown, O.—The ordination of Mr. Oliver Jay Fairfield, as minister of the newly organized Unitarian church here took place on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, in Davis Hall, where the Sunday services are for the present held. Rev. T. J. Valentine, of Meadville, opened with prayer and read from the Scriptures; Rev. J. B. Forbush gave the sermon, a broad and philosophical treatment of a great theme,—"The Mystery of Incarnation;" Rev. F. L. Hosmer offered the ordaining prayer; Rev. C. E. St. John, of Pittsburg, gave the Right-hand of Fellowship; Prof. H. H. Barber, of Meadville, gave the charge to the minister; Mr. W. L. Walsh, of the senior class in the Meadville school, through whose preaching this Youngstown society has been largely gathered, addressed the congregation, giving a most kindly and fit "charge" to them, and Mr. Hosmer followed with a few words. The congregational hymns were Samuel Longfellow's

"Oh, God! thy children gathered here," and

"One holy church of God appears."

Mrs. F. E. Fitch and Miss Grace Williams added to the musical part by their solos. Altogether the services were of unusual interest and a congregation very good in numbers was present. Mr. Fairfield is a graduate of Antioch College (1888), and of Harvard Divinity School (1892). Though most favorably received in other pulpits he has chosen to return to his native State and begin his ministry in the work of building up a new society. Youngstown is a city of over 30,000 population and rapidly growing. May deserved success crown the devotion of minister and people!

Editorial Wanderings.—On the occasion of a recent exchange of the senior editor of UNITY with the pastor of the Third Unitarian church of Chicago, he had an opportunity of studying the new order of service recently introduced into the Sunday worship of that society. Here the rare selections which characterize Mr. Blake's work in other services are noticeable. He has brought together with much painstaking labor contributions to the coming liturgy of the free church that is to teach natural religion. An exchange with Mr. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, some Sundays later, gave to the editor three large audiences, lecturing on Saturday night on Millet, the French Peasant Painter, with stereopticon illustrations, preaching on Sunday morning, and lecturing Sunday night on Robert Browning. In each of these services the presence of the students in large numbers testified to the vitality and value of the work there done. Still more recently the senior has visited the mission field at Wenona, started by Mr. Duncan. The lecture on James Russell Lowell was well attended by the teachers and professional men of the little town. This is one of the points about which the thrifty administrator of missionary funds hesitates, and asks "Is it worth while to start a work in a town too small to sustain a new society?" But to come in close contact with the unkindled life, the awakened intelligence, the throbbing eagerness of a few people in this busy little mining town, is to be impressed anew that it is

seed-sowing of high value, and that out of such places as this are to come the future leaders of thought as well as industry, such as are to shape the destinies of our cities, and our city churches. Woe to that religious organization that despises the small things and the day of small things.

Sturgis, Mich.—The Free Church of Sturgis, where the regular Sunday services of the Unitarian society have been held, is at present undergoing repair. A new platform is to be built, the walls frescoed, and the floors newly carpeted. It has recently been painted outside and a new steel roof put on. Mr. C. B. Buck, the proprietor of the Elliott House, has invited Mr. Buckley, the pastor, to hold his meetings in the parlors of the hotel until the work on the meeting house is finished.

The Sturgis Unitarian Society was regularly organized some time ago and trustees elected. It seems as though the idea of freedom, fellowship and character in religion has got a firm foothold here. The Sunday school meets after morning service; Mrs. Buckley, the conductor and general officer, is unsparing in her efforts to do the children good. Mr. Buckley's pulpit services are highly appreciated.

Boston.—Thanksgiving day had its usual full family tables—its thin church attendance, its large charities and its happy memories, especially for the young.

—Prof. J. H. Allen will speak to the Monday Club on "Questions at Homestead." Saturday audience in Channing Hall on "Unitarianism in Poland."

—The "Association of Younger Ministers" will discuss "Proposed changes in the policy and methods of the administration of the A. U. A."

—Rev. Chas. G. Ames will give an illustrated lecture on "Bible Lands" at his church.

—Rev. W. Elliot Griffis will address the "Ministerial Union" on "Holland as an American Fatherland." The "Union" has voted to open its monthly meetings to the public.

South Evanston, Ill.—The Woman's Alliance of the Evanston Unitarian church, will hold a sale of fancy and useful articles, dolls, home made cake and candy, Saturday afternoon and evening, December third, at 356 Hinman Ave., corner of Evanston Ave., South Evanston. It is hoped the friends in the Chicago churches will aid this work by their presence in large numbers. For the benefit of those who wish to come early, on the train leaving the Chicago Northwestern depot at noon, the ladies will serve a light lunch at one o'clock. By combining together a fifty ride ticket may be bought, making the individual fare to Evanston and return but twenty-five cents.

Cleveland, O.—Mr. Hosmer spent Thanksgiving day in the city, conducting the service at Unity church. A large congregation was in attendance. Rev. J. R. Effinger, ex-secretary of the Western Conference, recently spent a fortnight with us, preaching at Unity church for three Sundays to the great acceptance of the people. The Unity Club meetings continue in their interest and are well attended. President Cone, of Buchtel College, has recently preached two Sundays for us.

Keokuk, Ia.—The past month thirty-four persons have been received into the membership of the Unitarian church. Since the summer vacation there has been an increased attendance on the Sunday services, with renewed life in all departments of church activity.

Princeton, Ill. Monday evening, December 19, is the date now fixed upon for the installation of Mr. Skilling, as minister of the People's Association.

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Sun.—Every noble thought is from God.
Mon.—It is of no use to talk about inspiration if we do not at the same time recognize simple facts.
Tues.—It is the soul's health which salvation is to bring, and health of soul is very much like health of body.
Wed.—Bring your lives into a sacred relation with your truer thoughts and principles of belief.
Thurs.—God cannot arrange the present world on one set of principles, and that which is to be, on another.
Fri.—I object to its being supposed that the sinner is human nature, and the saint is not.
Sat.—In the deep things of life and trust we are all working in the same direction, all inspired by one and the same spirit.

—J. T. Marriott.

The Little Maid's Amen.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
 Soared gently away on the air—
 The Sabbath morn's service was over,
 And briskly I stepped down the stair;
 When close in a half-lighted corner,
 Where the tall pulpit stairway came down,
 Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
 With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
 But gently to wake her I spoke;
 When, at the first word, the small damsel
 With one little gasp, straight awoke.
 "What brought you here, fair little
 angel?"

She answered with voice like a bell:
 "I tum, tos I've dot a sick mamma,
 And want 'oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I;—she stopped
 me;

"Don't nobody told me at all;
 And papa can't see tos he's cryin'
 And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
 I've been here before with my mamma,
 We tummed when you ringed the big
 bell;
 And ev'ry time I've heard you prayin'
 For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway,
 As humbly I asked the Great Power
 To give back health to the mother,
 And banish bereavement's dark hour.
 I finished the simple petition,
 And paused for a moment—and then
 A sweet little voice at my elbow
 Lisped softly and gently "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward,

The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
 She prattled and mimicked and caroled—
 The shadow was gone from her breast;
 And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—

The nest of my golden-haired waif—
 We found that the dearly loved mother
 Was past the dread crisis—and safe.

They listened, amazed at my story,
 And wept o'er their darling's strange
 quest,

While the arms of the pale, loving mother
 Drew the brave little head to her breast;
 With eyes that were brimming and grateful,
 They thanked me again and again—
 Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
 Was won by that gentle "Amen."

—Expositor.

Lost His Temper.

An English sparrow went upon a search for a new home yesterday, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

It so happened that he lighted, in the course of his travels, on the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which graces the big triangle at Park Row's junction with Nassau Street.

The metal Franklin, as everybody knows, sports a tie wig, which swells out over the ears after the manner of the truly swagger girl's back hair, and in the consequent crevice the homeless sparrow fancied he had discovered an ideal place for a nest.

He proceeded to experiment. Darting down to the street he captured a tiny bit of rag and shoved it into the opening between Mr. Franklin's wig and left auricular.

The rag failed to catch on the smooth metal and slipped out. It was seized by the little home-builder and shoved

back again. Several other English sparrows gathered around the statue's shoulders and began to guy the first.

He paid no attention to them and by actual count dragged the obstinate rag back into the crevice fifteen times.

The second that it left its beak it slid out again. Suddenly the temper of the much suffering sparrow exploded. He sailed into his tormentors with the energy of a cyclone, and in three minutes the entire crew was whipped most beautifully.

Then, smothering his ruffled feathers, the visitor seated himself upon Mr. Franklin's august head and calmly surveyed the scene of battle.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

The Adams Express Company.

No name was better known in Boston a few years ago than that of Alvin Adams, the founder of the great Adams Express Company.

We have recently read, with deep interest, a story of his early history—how he came to Boston a poor orphan boy with bad surroundings—how a good woman, a true King's Daughter, secured him a place in a retail grocery store, etc. We give the last of the story as follows:

"After he had grown to be rich he heard that his benefactress was old and poor. He found her after a long search and pensioned her. Her two daughters had grown to womanhood and were living with her. One of them never married. Adams made an allowance for her. She is still living, and the allowance is continued by his son. The elder Adams always said he owed all he had to the woman."—*Selected*.

Good on the Lawyer.

A lawyer of this city, distinguished in his profession, owns a delightful summer home in Vermont. His neighbors there tell this story about his youngest child, a girl not more than ten. After much coaxing she prevailed on her father to buy her a donkey and cart. The first day of the donkey's arrival he was permitted to browse on the lawn. The child followed the little animal about, and thinking his countenance wore an uncommonly sad expression she cautiously approached, and, stroking his nose gently with her little hands, said: "Poor donkey! you feel lonesome, don't you? But never mind, papa will be here to-morrow and then you will have company."—*New York Times*.

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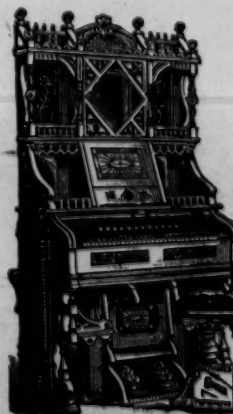
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Twelfth Lesson.

The Patriarchal Legends.

Why is the idea of twelve tribes grown out of twelve brothers an absurdity? How then shall we explain the origin of these legends? (B. f. L., I. p. 100 to 108.)

Can we find some historical features of these different tribes in the supposed history of their forefathers? What does it mean that Esau, though the first born, lost his birthright? Why are Ishmael and Midian represented as children of Abram's hand-maids?

In what respect is Abraham's character pictured as that of ideal piety? Remember the details of his history.

Why are the legends about Isaac so scanty and uninteresting? (B. f. L., 164 to 166.)

Which characteristic represents Jacob in contrast with Abraham? What ethical mistake does the author make in the description of the events of Jacob's life?

What is beautiful in the stories of Joseph? In what respects is his conduct not commendable? (B. f. L., p. 219.)

Which features in these patriarchal legends reveal what we now would call the superstition of the author? (B. f. L., I. p. 171, 208 to 210.)

FOR THE YOUNGER CLASSES.

If the Hebrews want to pronounce the greatest possible blessing, they say: "God make you blessed as Abram!" What did then the prophets tell about this man they called their father?

Tell the children his travels from Mesopotamia southwest into Canaan, with Sarai, his wife, and Lot, his nephew, a shepherd prince like himself. (Heb. 11: 8; Gen. 12: 1 to 6.) Compare 1 Cor. 15: 33 and Matt. 19: 29,) his generosity toward Lot. (Gen. 13:

1 to 12; 14: 11 to 24 and 18: 17 to 33.) Do not disguise in this last story the childish idea of Jahweh visiting Abraham, taking dinner in his tent and descending from heaven in order to get correct information about the moral conditions of Sodom. But picture on the other side with admiration the unmerited love with which Abraham tried to save his friends.

Mention here again Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his only son at God's command, of which we have spoken already in the ninth lesson.

The only interesting thing to tell of Isaac is the way in which he got his wife Rebekah (Gen. 24), a lively picture of oriental manners and customs: the faithful, though superstitious servant; the lovable maiden; why Laban addressed this servant as a "blessed from the Lord" and favored the marriage of his sister with a man of whom he knew nothing but his apparent richness; the blind levity of Rebekah's own resolve, etc.

Is it a happy marriage where both parents have their own pet child and the mother teaches her favorite how to cheat father and brother? (Gen. 27.) Certainly Jacob had been well educated in smartness, but when he must fly from his paternal home he experienced the truth of Matt. 16: 26.

When many years later, Jacob returned, grown rich both by his father's blessing and his own tricks, he was still afraid of his manly brother (Gen. 32: 7 to 11), who plays here by far the noblest part (Gen. 33: 3 to 10).

Should we also like these prophets consider material prosperity as a blessing of God? Is it not many times a temptation and a curse much more than a blessing?

Publisher's Notes.

THE readers of UNITY are requested to send in orders for extra copies of the Whittier Memorial number, to be published December 15. The price will be five cents a copy or twenty-five copies for one dollar. If extra copies are ordered to the amount of one hundred dollars, the publishers will be enabled to issue a paper of double the usual size, and include much matter which will otherwise have to be omitted.

WE have just concluded arrangements for the future publication at this office of the two large volumes entitled "Evolution" and "Sociology," consisting of popular lectures and discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Each of these volumes contains over four hundred pages with complete index. Either will be mailed for two dollars. We will send either of these volumes to any one sending us a new subscription with one dollar and one dollar additional.

WE have just received from the binder a new supply of James Vila Blake's beautiful little book entitled "Legends from Storyland." Mailing price fifty cents.

WE issue this week in white paper covers, uniform with "Blessed be Drudgery" and "The Royalty of Service," a sermon by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, hitherto unpublished, entitled "The Cause of the Toiler." The price is ten cents a copy or a dollar a dozen, including postage, and we recommend it to those desiring something new and pretty in appearance, but of thought-value as well, to send in place of the conventional Christmas card.

"PROOFS OF EVOLUTION," by Nelson C. Parshall, is a reprint of a popular lecture which has had a great sale in pamphlet form and is now issued in substantial binding. *Public Opinion* calls it "one of the most systematic, concise and comprehensive presentations in popular form of the foundation and theory of evolution; excellent, succinct, interesting." The book is in every sense reliable, suggesting other works for collateral reading, and is really a valuable handbook in all ways. Mailing price, fifty cents.

WE have received a new supply of "The Thought of God," by Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett. The retail price of this volume of poems is fifty cents and we will send it at this price postpaid. To those wishing to purchase the book in quantities for distribution, we will make a special price of four dollars a dozen, expressage extra.

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